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Executed with neatness and dispatch.

PRINTED BY

From the New Era.

SONG.

RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

Att—“The Star Spangled Banner.”

Oh, say, who is he, through the forest so dark,
With his warrior legions advancing to battle?
Where the yell of the savage re-echoes—and hark!
Where the death-dealing strokes of their rifle balls
rattle;

What is it they fear?—’tis his name that they hear,
With the cry of revenge for the blood of the dear;
’Tis the name of our JOHNSON—oh, long will it
flame,

In letters of light, on the banner of fame!
How piercing the shriek, uttered thrillingly wild,
From the heart of the mother, in agony swelling,
As she mourns the sad fate of her innocent child,
Torn from her, while blazes her desolate dwelling!

Who soothes her alarms, and her wretchedness calms,
And restores, gaily smiling, her babe to her arms?
It is our brave JOHNSON—oh, long will his name
float in letters of light on the banner of fame!

Rouse! rouse! to the battle! remember your aces:
Their fame is immortal—and how have they gained
it?
They fought for their rights, and their own household
fire,

And the blood of a fidon foe never has stained it.
Let our enemies feel, at our charge as they reel,
That the vanquished are safe from American steel!
Who spoke thus? Our JOHNSON—oh, long will his
name

float in letters of light on the banner of fame!
The war cry is hushed, and the struggle is o’er;
No longer in strife are bayonets gleaming—
For gallantry far, on the sea and the shore,

Is the Star Spangled Banner in victory streaming;
He has fulfilled his vow, he has wounds that bleed now,
And still green are the laurels that circle his brow!
Then huzza for our JOHNSON—oh, long will his
name

float in letters of light on the banner of fame!
“Col. Johnson received a wound during the last war,
which, as yet, has never been healed, but still bleeds.”

REMEMBRANCE.

A trick of War.

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker, in a
well written article, mentions, that during the
late war with Great Britain, he accidentally got
possession of some of the signals of the British
Navy, which he put into the hands of Commodore
Rogers—and he thus concludes his account:—

“Soon after peace, dining with Commodore
Rogers, at his house in Washington, he related to
me the following circumstances, which I give
nearly in his own words.”

“I acknowledged the receipt of your letter,”
he observed, “and was determined to have the
signals made on board, and to try the experiment,
with my officers understanding for what purpose
they were intended. I cruised some time
without meeting an enemy, until one afternoon
we fell in with a schooner, some six or eight
miles to windward of us. We hoisted the British
ensign, which she answered by displaying
another, and at the same time a signal at her
main-top-gallant mast head, which I immediately
discovered was like one of those you had given
me. From the list of English frigates, I selected
the number of the ‘Sea Horse,’ one of their largest
class, and known to be on our coast, and
hoisted it. She bore down at once and came
under our stern; I ordered her to heave to, and
I would send a boat on board of her.

“This order was obeyed, and I despatched a
lieutenant to bring her signal book; enjoining
on him and the crew the strictest secrecy re-
specting our character. He was politely received
by the captain, whose schooner proved to be
the ‘Highflyer.’ Our lieutenant’s coat attracted
his attention, not being the latest London fashion,
although the crown-and-anchor was on the but-
ton; but casting his eyes on the frigate, seeing
the British ensign, and now and then the red
coat of a marine appearing above the hammock-
netting his mind was apparently set at rest.

“The lieutenant informed him that he was
requested to bring the signal-book on board the
‘Sea Horse,’ in order to have some alterations
made, as there was a rumor that the Yankees had
possession of something like the signals, and it
was therefore necessary to change the numbers!
This rumor had its desired effect, and our lieuten-
ant returned with the book, which placed me in

command of the whole correspondence of the
British Navy! I then sent the gig for the cap-
tain, requested him to come on board, and bring
any despatches he might have in charge.

“On reaching our deck he seemed surprised
at the size of our vessel, praised her cleanliness
and in order in which ever thing appeared; ad-
mired the new red coats of the marines, and on
being invited into the cabin, handed me a bundle
of despatches for Admiral Warren, who, he
observed, must be within forty miles to leeward.
I ordered refreshments, and, in company with
several of my officers, we entered into general
conversation.

“I asked him what object Admiral Warren
had in cruising in that neighborhood. He said,
to intercept the American privateers and mer-
chantmen, but particularly to catch Commodore
Rogers, who, he understood, had command of
one of the largest and fastest sailing frigates in
the American navy. I enquired of him what
sort of a man this Rogers was, and if he had ever
seen him? He said no—but he had understood
he was an odd character, and devilish shy. After
conversing on several other subjects, I abruptly
put this question to him:

“Sir, do you know what vessel you are on
board of?”

“Why yes, Sir,” he replied “on board his
Majesty’s ship ‘Sea Horse.’”

“Then, Sir, you labor under a great mistake.
You are on board the United States frigate
President, and I am Commodore Rogers, at your
service.”

“The dying Dolphin never assumed a greater
variety of colours than did this poor fellow’s face.”
“Sir,” said he, “you are disposed to be humer-
ous, and must be joking!” I assured him that
it was no joke; and to satisfy him on that head,
handed him my commission. At the same mo-
ment the band on our quarter deck, struck up
Yankee Doodle; and on reaching the deck, he
saw the American ensign flying, the red coats of
the marines turned blue and the crown-and-an-
chor buttons metamorphosed into the eagle.

“This affair,” observed the commodore, “was
of immense importance to our country. We ob-
tained in full the British signals; the operations
of Admiral Warren, by the non receipt of his
despatches, were destroyed for the season, and it
is probable saved the frigate; for the course I
was running at the time of my falling in with
the Highflyer, would have brought me into the
midst of his fleet during the night.”

From the Baltimore Clipper.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

A board of “School Commissioners,” who
encumbered a consequential little village in Mary-
land, being in want of a teacher, advertised in
the newspaper for “a well-disposed, moral man,
who could teach the dead languages, and did not
drink whiskey or chew tobacco.” After a fort-
night of this advertising had elaborated, a knife-
brand Yankee made his appearance, with a rattle
and a pine stick in one hand, and a *Cape Cod*
protection, alias a cake of gingerbread, in the
other, and held the following dialogue with the
committee aforesaid:

“Well, Sir,” said the chairman, eyeing the
candidate from head to foot, “do you possess the
necessary requisites for a public school teacher?”

“I guess I do,” said Slick, whittling his stick.

“Do you understand Latin?” asked one of the
committee men, a Dutch farmer.

“I guess I do,” replied Slick, again rounding
the end of the stick with the knife.

“Well, let’s hear some of your Latin,” said
the chairman.

“Guamho hic squashum et punkitum lin-
guam,” said Slick, drawing his coat sleeve slowly
under his nose.

“Humph!” exclaimed the Dutchman, “ist
pat Latin? Who’s the author?”

“Josephus,” replied Slick; “he says in his
life of Governor Hancock, Sic transit gloria
Monday morning—Hancockibus quad erat demon-
strandum.”

“Dat’s good,” exclaimed the Dutchman, rub-
bing his hands, “terro never was better Latin!”

“Now, Sir,” said the chairman, “I suppose
you understand Geography?”

“I guess I do,” said Slick, sharpening the end
of his stick.

“How far have you been?”

“As far as the Deestriet of Columby.”

“What State is it in?”

“A state of desperation.”

“What latitude are we in?”

“According to the thermometer we’re ten de-
grees below zero.”

“Which is the most western part of North
America?”

“Cape Cod.”

“Good. Now, Sir, let us see how far you have
studied mathematics. What’s the area of a square
acre of land?”

“That depends upon the quality,” replied
Slick, snapping the blade of his knife.

“Well, suppose it be good corn land?”

“Why, then, it depends upon the number of
hills?”

“Say—five hundred.”

“Guess you mought as well tell a feller how
many grains you plant to the hill?”

“Five.”

“Then, according to Euclid, it would be seven
hundred and forty-two feet horizontally perpen-
dicular.”

“Excellent. Pray, Sir, where are you from?”

“Staunton, down in the Bay State—and I can
do most anything.”

“No doubt; but there is one thing which you
cannot do—you cannot humbug us; you may
go.”

One way to get a Wife.

The very bad do not like to enter a clergy-
man’s family. Indeed, my female servants have
had so good a name for all proprietors, that this
circumstance alone led to the very comfortable
settlement of one of them, and I think that ever
since. One evening, as tea was brought in, I
heard a half suppressed laugh in the passage, and
observed a smirking, strange look, in the ser-
vant’s face, as she was put on the table. The
cause was soon made known: it was a courtship,
and a strange one. A very decent looking, re-
spectable man, about thirty-five years of age, who
carried on a small business in a neighboring
town, a widower and a Wesleyan, knocked at
the door. He was then a perfect stranger. The
man servant opened it.

“I want,” said the stranger, “to speak with
one of Mr. —’s female servants.”

“Which?”

“Oh, it doesn’t signify much.”

The announcement was made in the kitchen.
“I’m sure I won’t go,” said one.

“Nor I,” says another.

“Then I will,” said the nurse—and straight-
way she went to the door. “Do you wish to
speak with me, Sir?”

“Yes, I do,” said the stranger; “I am a wid-
ower, and I hear a very good character of Mr.
—’s servants. I want a wife, and you will do
very well.”

“Please walk in, Sir,” said the nurse.

In he walked, and it was the odd circumstance
that caused the general titter. But the man was
really in earnest. In due time he married the
woman: and I often saw them very comfortable
and happy, in the town of —, and I verily
believe that neither of them had any reason to
repent the choice thus singularly made.—
She fell into his ways—had a good voice, and
joined him in many a hymn—thus manifesting
their happiness and their thanks.

CHANGES.

From the Washington Globe.

The opposition, from Mr. Webster down, ring
changes upon the word change. They give us the
sound, we give them the sense of it.

We ask the public to weigh deliberately the reasons
given in the three following letters from very able
and leading men, for their abandonment of the federal
party. They will there see the impressions which
late events have stamped upon the most powerful in-
tellects, and which cannot fail to be communicated to
every honest and disinterested mind in the ranks of
the opposition. As yet, the federal party have not
been able to boast of a single convert, to their cause,
who has not turned out to be a dismissed defaulter, a
disappointed office-seeker, or some hapless wight,
forced to succumb to the power of the banks over his
person or property.

The Louisville Advertiser has a very pregnant ar-
ticle, referring to the revolution of sentiment going on
at this time in Kentucky. It is rapidly thinning the
ranks of the opposition, of the most powerful men
in the State. It portends, we fondly hope, the early res-
toration of that patriotic and influential Commonwealth
to the array of Republican States, which she once so
proudly graced.

“CHANGES.” The Lexington Reporter com-
plains of the course pursued by R. N. Wickliffe,
Esq., in refusing to trust Harrison, who cannot
trust the people with a candid avowal of his senti-
ments. The Reporter is conducted by Mr. D. C.
Wickliffe, brother of the talented gentleman
who has shown his devotion to principles, by
abandoning a party that dare not avow their prin-
ciples. R. N. Wickliffe, Esq. is modestly in-
formed in the Reporter that he has disappointed
his relations, and separated himself from them.
On this point the Reporter is in error. We hap-
pen to know that a prominent relation of Mr.
Wickliffe—a distinguished statesman—has also
abandoned the party without principles—and
that other relations of the same gentleman begin
to doubt whether they can, with honor, adhere
any longer to the whig cause. Nor is this all.
Our fellow citizens in the country are turning by
scores from Harrison. Log cabins and hurras
for the hard cider candidate do not satisfy re-
flecting men,—men who value the right of suf-
frage, and cannot consent to see it spoiled with
or turned into ridicule.

“Other prominent men in Lexington, besides
Mr. Wickliffe, have recently abandoned the hard
cider party; and the position of Harrison, in
reference to abolition, a National Bank, and
other agitating questions, is such as to render it
impossible for him to be supported by Republi-
cans. Our present Governor, once the ardent
and efficient advocate of popular rights, cannot
help feeling that men degrade themselves by sus-
taining a man for the office of President, who
cannot hazard the consequences of avowing his
opinions on the leading questions on which the
elections should turn. Indeed we understand
his Excellency declares that General Harrison
should come out like a man, on Abolition, on
the bank question, on the policy of distribution,
on a bankrupt law, &c; and we really think his
Excellency is entirely right. How can rational
men vote understandingly for a candidate who
has heretofore been on both sides of almost all
important questions, and now refuses to avow his
sentiments for the information of the public.

“The abuse of the Journal, and some other
kindred prints, of the sensible and independent
men who are flocking to the Democratic banner,
only proves the desperation of the political hacks
of the opposition. They have no recourse left

but to revile those who turn a deaf ear to hurras
for hard cider, and view with contempt, log cabin
pageants.”

APRIL 4, 1840.

GENTLEMEN.—The writer of this letter, thus publicly
addressed to you, has seen, with regret and mortifica-
tion, in a letter described by yourselves, under date of
the twenty-ninth day of February last, at Cincinnati, in
reply to a letter of inquiry, from the Oswego Union As-
sociation, directed and delivered to William Henry Har-
rison, of North Bend,—that you had been entrusted with
the letter, and empowered to make a reply thereto for
General Harrison.

The reasons assigned by you for thus becoming the
depository of the General’s correspondence, and the
organ of his replies, are unapparently not only so peculiar
in their character, as to excite unworthy suspicions
among our own friends, but afford too much ground to
our opponents for curious speculation and amusing criti-
cism.

You declare that the General’s correspondence has be-
come so voluminous, “that his reply in person, becomes
impracticable; and that you, in the character
of his confidential counsellor,” because of some inabil-
ity, make the response for him. That if the policy of the
committee, as shown by their reply, should not meet
with the approbation of the Oswego Union Association,
it will attribute the error to yourselves, and the im-
mediate addressers of General Harrison, rather than to
the General himself!

Without the least desire to be inquisitorial in this
matter, but for the benefit of the supporters of the General,
of whom I am the personal and political friend, who
desires to see deep solitude in obtaining the infor-
mation, I beg most respectfully to know by what authority
you, gentlemen, have become the keepers of the person
and thoughts of the hero of Tippecanoe? I desire to
learn if it is with his own free will, and unbiased judg-
ment, that he has placed himself under your supervision
and peculiar care; or have you, in violation of the an-
cient policy of the feudal Barons of Scotland, who pre-
sumptively seized on the person of the monarch, or pre-
sumptively heir to the government—like them seized on
the person of the General, and restricted him to his
quarters at North Bend, and the expectation of secur-
ing to yourselves similar success and power. I find, on
analysing your reply, that the apology for the inability
of the General to reply to the note because of the volu-
minous character of the correspondence, is but illy sus-
tained in your refusal to reply, at all, to the inquiries
of the Oswego Union Association. You say the General
has been placed in your hands for the purpose of affording a
reply, and then you refuse to reply altogether. Permit
me, gentlemen, to ask whether this is consistent with
the character of the General himself, and the frank and
manly course which he should always mark in the conduct
and policy of his supporters. If the letter was of suffi-
cient importance to entitle it to a reply, then the inter-
rogatories should have been fully and ingeniously an-
swered. The General could surely have spared some
ten minutes in framing the reply you have made, or
have done what I should have supposed the frankness of
a soldier always dictates, made a direct reply himself.
I cannot but believe that many of the General’s friends
utterly disapprove of not only the policy of selecting
confidential advisers for him, but the pernicious conse-
quences which must follow therefrom, to say nothing of
the British kindly precedent which it imitates; this
ought to have deterred to so who, it seems, have suc-
cessfully, thus far, obtained the control of his thoughts
and opinions, from attempting the measure. Should
the General be so completely under the power of his
advisers, what American, who feels for the honor and
character of the Government, would consent that the
Executive should, for one day,—nay, one hour,—be con-
trolled in the exercise of his official functions by a cabal,
or any collection of political friends? And is there
not much danger to be apprehended, that, in such an
event, you, gentlemen, would aspire to the distinction
of exercising such control? I put it to our com-
mon friends to look at the facts, and to honestly and
fearlessly make the conclusion in sober earnest.

But may emphatically be asked, whether the fur-
ther reasons you assign, are such as the great body
of the General’s supporters are willing to approve for
the refusal to give the reply asked? Can it be that
they will agree in the affirmation that “the General
has no further declaration of his principles, for the
public eye, whilst occupying his present position; that
his views in regard to the all-important and exciting
topics of the day have heretofore been given to the pub-
lic fully and explicitly; that no new issue be made to
the public, from the constitution that the National
Convention decreed it impolitic to publish any general
declaration of the views of the great opposition party?”

As a sincere friend to the General, let me inquire whether
he has ever expressed any public opinion on the prop-
erty of the adoption of a general bankrupt law by
Congress, so that its operation might be equal in all the
States of the Union? Does not the world know that
we are entirely in the dark as to the opinion of General
Harrison on this point; no views of his having ever
been publicly made in relation thereto? Who knows
his opinion on the question of a United States or Na-
tional Bank; and who can possibly tell whether he is in
favor of, or against the reception of, and referring peti-
tions for the immediate abolition of slavery within the
District of Columbia? What possible opportunity has
the General had, as a public man, to make expressions
of his views on the three simple questions which
no honorable man, seeking for elevation to the highest
office in the gift of the people, would desire to conceal
or avoid? Indeed, we have his own published opinions
some years since, that public men should never seek to
avoid answering questions of a public character; and
that the citizen was, of right, entitled to a full and ex-
plicit answer from all who sought office and public con-
fidence, on such occasions.

I cannot, therefore, conceive why the General should
not only permit his implicitly avowed opinions to be con-
sidered, at this time, through the medium of a commit-
tee of safety, denying the obligation of the General to
reply to the interrogatories contained in a respectful
communication, but especially on the present occasion,
conning, as it does, from those “who entertain the high-
est regard for his past services,” and who, should he
be elected to the highest office, for which he is nomi-
nated, nothing will occur to lessen him in the estimation
of a great and free people. This is certainly at war with
his former conduct, and at variance with the first prin-
ciple which should regulate the conduct of public men.

But you say, gentlemen, that “he makes no further
declaration of his principles for the public eye.” Do you
mean, then, that he is prepared to make further decla-
rations of his principles for the public eye? This would
seem to be the inference from your language, and would
well agree with the policy and spirit of your letter.

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THE U. S.

ANOTHER FOOLISH LIE.

Week before last we gave an account of a story which is going the rounds of the British Whig papers, called the "Orphan Wood Chopper." We have recently read another story of Gen. Harrison's great liberality, wherein the General redeemed a firm of one of his soldiers and gave it to him. The old soldier had lost a leg, and the distress the old soldier was in, when accident threw his old General in his way, was truly heart-rendering. In answer to the General's questions it came out that he had fought in many battles, particularly that of Tippecanoe and Thames. He lost his leg in the battle of Tippecanoe, and here is where the *naked lie* appears. The battle of Tippecanoe was fought in September 1811, and that of the 'Thames' in the same month in 1813, two years afterwards. 'The American army pursued the British for a number of days before the battle of the 'Thames,' and here was an *old one-legged man*, hobbling along, through a new territory to fight the battles of his country. Who does not know better?—Almost any one can tell the truth, but for a right good liar it requires a man of parts. Most of the great stories circulated of Gen. Harrison are as true as the one we speak of.—*Republican (Belfast) Journal.*

AN HONEST FEDERALIST.

The editor of the Boston Courier, a Harrison man, thus lectures one of his political associates, for abusing his old friends:—"By what authority does Mr. Crittenden waste the time and money of the people in slandering the Federalists?—a party with which he never could have any connection, and of which he probably knows nothing but what he has picked up in reading the posthumous volumes of Jefferson. It is of little consequence now, whether Gen. Harrison was a "black-cockade federalist" in 1798, or not, and we believe the people care very little about it. If Mr. Crittenden really wishes to promote Gen. Harrison's election, he would manifest his good sense, if he has any, by the use of other arguments. The electioneering warfare, which has been carried on in both Houses of Congress, during its present session, is disgraceful to both the parties engaged in it, whether whig or tory, and would justify any honest man in cursing and quitting them both."

The Courier will probably find, next November, that it is of some "consequence now" whether Gen. Harrison was a "black-cockade Federalist" in 1798, or not; and will see, too, that the people are not so entirely careless on the subject, as the opposition would be glad to have them.

MORE CHANGES!

THE CRY IS, STILL THEY COME.

The Louisville Public Advertiser publishes the following extract from a letter dated Lexington (Ky.) June 2d:

"On Monday last Gen. Combs replied to Mr. Sterling, to make a political speech in behalf of General Mum. I did not hear what was the effect of his speech further than this, it called up, no doubt to the infinite surprise of the General, that old Political Campaigner, the Honorable Henry Daniel, who in a speech of about three hours reviewed the chief grounds of controversy between the parties, and finally wound up by announcing his resolution to give to Mr. Van Buren his ardent support. The effect of this announcement is said to have been powerful. You know Captain Daniel, his power of public speaking, I need not tell you, his return to the democratic fold, is hailed with pleasure by his old friends. The whigs about here look blank."

The Advertiser subjoins: "It is thus that men of acknowledged influence in Kentucky are returning to the democratic fold. Capt. Daniel will prove an active and efficient advocate of correct principles. He has tried the whigs, and ascertained that they are not trustworthy."

TEMPERANCE.—We find the following communication in the Boston Mercantile Journal, a violent Federal paper. We are glad to see that there are some men among the Federalists who are not quite willing to sacrifice their temperance principles to their love of political success; and we hope that the influence of these men, may be generally felt in the party to which they belong.

"HARD CIDER."

MR. EDITOR:—In common with many true Whigs and friends to the "Tippecanoe candidate," the writer is of opinion that no possible good, but some positive evil will result from the continued reference to this intoxicating article, by the friends of Harrison. I regretted to notice last evening, at the immense gathering of the people on Fort Hill, that "Hard Cider" was dealt out from, or near, the "Roxbury Log Cabin," which was near the Whig "Tea-party." I have heard of several cases where the pernicious practice of "something to drink," has followed similar meetings. As a "true Whig," and friend to total abstinence, I regret that any doubtful measures should be countenanced by those who have too good a cause to need any intoxicating drink to advance it. As a friend to good order, morality, and the Whig cause, I make these remarks, not doubting that you, alike influenced by similar motives, will insert them in your independent Journal.

A GOLD WATER WRIG.

FEDERAL BRAGGING.—A writer in the Lincoln Patriot says:—"I understand that John Ruggles was completely used up at Wisconsin last week, in his bragadocio about the election of Harrison. He proposed to make a bet of \$500 that Harrison would be elected. But

a gentleman, standing by, offering to take up the bet, and deposit the 'Rhino,' the Senator was 'padlocked,' and 'backed out!' 'Thus much for Federal bragadocio.'"

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JUNE 23, 1840.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Our friends in Turner, inform us, and request notice to be given, that our National Sabbath will be celebrated on the approaching anniversary, with appropriate ceremonies.

Oration by H. B. Osborn, Esq., of Portland. A general invitation is extended to all the friends of the present Administration.

CHANGES.

We present our readers, this week, on the first page of the Democrat, the letters of three distinguished gentlemen who are disgusted with the course pursued by the federalists in regard to their Presidential candidate. We ask for them an attentive, calm, and candid perusal, from all into whose hands they may fall. The course of reasoning of the writers, and the candor in which they are written, is sufficient evidence, to our minds, of the honesty and well meaning of their authors. They bear on their face the stamp of an honest and high-minded principle—a principle which would cause its possessor to disdain the truckling and pitiful arguments of a "Log cabin," "Hard cider," &c. Arguments which appeal only to the sympathy and passions, which evince a jealousy on the part of those who use them, of the capability of the people of judging for themselves on the great questions which now agitate the community.

These vain and foolish arguments—these great carousals, and shows of the federalists, cannot do them any good. It is the last resort of a desperate faction, to stifle and silence that enquiry for the political principles of the Federal party, which the people are now anxiously making. The people will press this question home upon them until they obtain an answer, or drive them from their miserable subterfuges to conceal them.

For the Oxford Democrat.

Augusta, June 19, 1840.

MR. EDITOR:—For two days past, Augusta has been a merry and, a part of that time, (if I may use the expression), a madly merry place. Mad, for men acted insane. Merry, for they seemed to be sanguine that they were sane; and therefore rejoiced in the speculations of their wild and infuriated imaginations.

Your readers have heard much, ere this, of the great Harrison-Democratic-Whig-State Convention. Circumstances placed me where I could but witness it, and certainly there was much to speculate upon. So far as numbers were concerned, it was respectable; but I have no doubt that part of it will be much overrated. I will say that, from information derived from several highly respectable gentlemen, who counted them as they marched in procession, the number did not exceed twenty-two hundred; that there were more present, is very true, for curiosity led hundreds of Democrats to the scene of action, that they might witness, for the first time, the old Federal party assembled under their present name; that they might see men acting the child, trying to charm the multitude, to operate upon the sober sense of an intelligent people, by the display of banners, of miniature log cabins, with silly devices, and the disgusting cry of "hard cider." Each county delegation, save yours, (and their better sense attracted attention), was preceded by a *gaily dressed gentleman*, bearing all the proofs upon his person, of being a well trained aristocrat, alias, *log-cabinite*, carrying in his hand a staff, fluttering with blue ribbon. Next came a standard bearer, who bore the ever honored "stars and stripes" of our National Flag, but which were disgraced, or rather insulted, by the accompaniment of some silly, disgusting motto,—insulting both to common sense and common decency. Borne by one individual, was a log cabin, and a large eagle painted most fastidiously with this motto: *THE FARMER'S FRIEND—HARD CIDER*. Another was carried upon the end of a pole, by a most exquisite fellow, on the one side of which was imprinted in large letters—"Hard Cider," and on the other, "Log Cabin,"—which that same brainless fellow was looking up to with much complacency, as he turned it, ever and anon, in his hand, that the beautiful and graphic inscriptions might the better be seen by an admiring multitude.

I might go on and enumerate those little incidents, and would, had I time, and did I not think that the good sense of your readers would be disgusted, and that it would lead them to have too contemptible an opinion (if possible) of men who will resort to such unheard of means, to carry out their unallowed purposes.

But I have given you a few specimens of Whig electioneering, and I will now say that this formidable body of men—yes, of men—after having formed themselves into sections, with two or three bands of music, and under the guidance of Marshalls, paraded through the principal streets of the town, with their waving banners, until they made a dead halt in front of the State House; then, after a few preliminaries and a state speech or two, and a few loud huzzas for the hero of Tippecanoe, a shower of rain ensued, as if heaven wept at their folly!" which sent those *hard-fisted, sturdy democrats* in various directions for shelter: some fled to private dwellings, but most to the several bar-rooms of the hotels, where they made themselves decent, by taking hard cider, alias, brandy, gin, and rum.

Afternoon.—Again in front of the State House.—Rufus K. Goodenow, of Paris, calls the meeting to order, as President—declares himself a dissenter from the Administration party,—speaks much of his democracy,—but did not say that he had held an important office for sixteen years, and because he could hold it no longer, deserted the Democratic party at a time when federal rule was disgracing the State,—nor did he say that he did this that he might find favor in the dominant party, which is made up of the fag ends of every party. He declared the Harrison party to be the true democratic party. Yes, shouted a hun-

dred such worthies as Thomas, Clark and Erasmus Foote; we are the democratic party. At this time John Holmes and a few others, kept still, and seemed evidently glad when the speech was done, and its last tones drowned amid one general shout for Tippecanoe. From the reports of the several committees, it appeared that Edward Kent was again nominated as the Harrisonian-*democratic-log-cabin* candidate for Governor, which nomination, however, was not received with feelings of unanimity, for it seemed the whole delegation from Bangor were opposed to him. A fine compliment to the moral worth of the man.

After this John Holmes mounted the rostrum, and with his scurrilous abuse, and low, vulgar metaphors, kept this body of decency men in one general titter for a long hour. Then followed the federal candidate for Congress, in Penobscot, who, as usual, spoke long and said nothing. It was a pretty specimen of little talk. Next came the would be Federal candidate in Kennebec, (but Evans won't allow of it), and with all the bitterness which has so long characterized the man, he amused this *new-born Democratic party*, by calling them democrats, and that they could trace down their democracy from the earliest period in our history. Vow, you had better not try that! He then undertook to tell, by figures, how General Harrison would be elected President; and in the end concluded he would have all the votes save those of N. H., and stood some little chance of them. Here followed others who might be considered smaller fry, but they heated, and halloed, and huzzed until the close of the day, when the more sensible and sober portion started for their constituents, sick and disgusted with the folly and hypocrisy of their own leaders; but the far greater portion to Hallowell, where, in a log cabin, built under the superintendence of the renowned Jesse, a real hard cider carousal took place, which lasted well nigh until morning, when they were seen reeling home, with aching, empty heads, to dream of their follies, and ponder upon coming defeat.

I have many amusing anecdotes which have grown out of this affair, and much more that I wish to write upon its general merits, but time fails me now.

Yesterday, the 18th, a splendid Standard, painted by C. Codman, of Portland, was presented, by the ladies of Augusta, to the Rifle Greys; it being their first anniversary. Every thing went off with appropriateness.

Yours, &c., S.

RENEGADES AT A PREMIUM.—Rufus K. Goodenow, of Paris, was President of the late Federal Convention at Augusta; and Isaac Isley, of Portland, and Isaac Hodsdon, of Bangor, were nominated by the Convention, for Electors at large! To have made the list perfect, John Ruggles should have been nominated for Governor! "It is natural that the cormorants of one Administration should seek a roost in the treasury of another."—*Eastern Argus.*

FEDERAL NOMINATIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—At the Federal Convention, in Worcester, (Mass.) on Wednesday last, John Davis of Worcester was nominated for Governor, and George Hall was re-nominated for Lieutenant-Governor.

Isaac C. Bates of Northampton, and Peleg Sprague of Boston, were nominated for Presidential Electors at large, and Robert G. Shaw for the Boston district.—*Argus.*

THE LAST OF THE TEA PARTY.—Samuel Howard, who died in Conway N. H. June 2, 1840, was supposed to be the last of the Boston Revolutionary Tea Party. He was born in Woburn, Mass., May 2, 1747, and served an apprenticeship as a Cabinet maker, in Boston, Mass. under the English system. While a resident in Boston he joined the brave little band who destroyed the British Tea in 1773. He was a soldier in the revolutionary war, and was one of those who suffered in the "Jerseys"—was at the battle of Trenton and Princeton, and in several other engagements. He removed to Brownfield, Me., soon after the Revolution, and has continued to reside there until within a few years. His age was 92 years one month—and yet until the day of his death he could relate with great accuracy the thrilling incidents of the destruction of the British Tea and of the different battles in which he was engaged. He possessed a strong constitution, a sound understanding, and a patriotic admiration of our country and her free institutions. J.

THE LATE CUBA PIRACY.—Our paper of yesterday, contained an account of an act of piracy off Cape Antonio, which is about forty-five miles to the leeward of Havana, copied from a New Orleans paper of the 28th ult. We had some doubts of the correctness of the statement, but on making further inquiries of Capt. Reminton, of the brig Elizabeth, which arrived at this port on Saturday, we find he fully confirms it. The seven pirates were brought up from Cape Antonio a few days previous to his departure. They were to be tried forthwith, and no doubt was entertained of their being immediately afterwards ordered to execution.—They belonged to the Regles, opposite the Havana, a well known resort, a few years since, for such characters.—*New York paper.*

TOO HEAVY A DOSE.—The Hallowell (Me.) Cultivator gives an account of the singular death of a man belonging to that place, named Kavanagh, who, while under the influence of liquor, asked a lawyer for a warrant against himself, that he (Kavanagh) might be committed to jail as a common drunkard, to afford him an opportunity of becoming sober. The lawyer advised him to take an emetic rather than a warrant, and throw up his intoxication by vomiting, to which Mr. K. agreed. A physician was consequently applied to for that purpose, who it is said, gave him a powerful potion of tartar emetic. He was soon much convulsed, vomited, and continued to vomit most violently through the night of the next day, the last part of which he appeared to suffer intensely from thirst, earnestly begging for water, which the physician thought it not prudent to allow him to drink. His nurse leaving him for

a moment, he contrived to get hold of a large pitcher, and eagerly drank a great quantity of cold water and died within thirty minutes.

The Philadelphia Gaz. says: Two hundred and fifty men are now employed upon the steam frigate now building at our navy yard. She is rated at two thousand tons, and will be the largest steam frigate afloat. Her engine, which is to be of six-hundred horse power, is now building by Messrs. Merrick & Towne. It is said that the frigate *Karrington*, now in one of the ship houses at the navy yard, is to be completely overhauled, and the decayed timber replaced with new. The keel of this frigate was laid in 1820.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

Gen. Jackson's Reiterated Approval of Mr. Van Buren's Administration.

PICKATILE, May, 25th, 1840. In your paper of the 22d instant, just received, I find that the Whigs have been representing Gen. Jackson, as having deserted Mr. Van Buren and declared in favor of Gen. Harrison, in order to correct somewhat similar misrepresentations, circulated in some extent in Hottel, previous to our late election, I wrote to Mr. Hottel requesting his permission to contradict them, and I herewith annex a copy of my reply for publication; which, I think, is quite conclusive as to his opinion of Mr. Van Buren and the leading policy of his administration. In haste,

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't, JAMES McDOWELL, of Fincastle.

HERMITAGE, May 10th, 1840. MY DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 26th ult. has been received, and is now before me. I am not accustomed to learn from it that the "Rives Conservatives" should deny the authenticity of my letter, written in answer to one received from Moses Dawson, Esq., and published by him in the latter part of the year 1837, or the first of the year 1838, approving the financial policy of President Van Buren, as set forth in his message to the extra session of Congress, in September, 1837, or separating the government from all banks.

It appears that the Rives Conservatives, the Abolitionists and Federalists, have combined to obtain the reins of government into their own hands, by their own hands, by a continued system of deceiving the people by falsehood and slander of the basest kind, forgetting that the American people are an enlightened and virtuous people, capable of self-government, who may, by the falsehoods of designing demagogues and politicians, be led astray for a moment; but the second thought always dispels, and ever will dispel from their minds the gross deceptions that have been attempted to be practiced upon them by these political demagogues, who think the people are incapable of self-government, and to save the people from themselves, wish to rule—vain thoughts! which have heretofore disappointed the opposition, and I trust ever will, and most so long as the virtue of the people soars above the corrupting influence of the money power, which has, for a long time, been corrupting the morals of the people. But truth is mighty, and will prevail; and the virtue of the people will perpetuate our glorious Union and happy republican system against all the corrupting influence of the combined money power and modern paper credit system, and will supply the administration in separating the government from all banks, and restoring the federal government to the express limits of the constitution and independence, as contemplated by the sages who framed it.

You are authorized to say, to all my republican friends that I am the author of a letter addressed to Moses Dawson, Esq., in reply to one from him in the latter part of the year 1837, or the first part of the year 1838, and published by Mr. Dawson in his paper, approving Mr. Van Buren's recommendation of divorce of the government from all banks and banking corporations.

You are at liberty to use this letter as your prudence may dictate, and I am, with great respect, Your most ob't serv't, ANDREW JACKSON.

JAMES McDOWELL, Esq."

CONGRESS.

MONDAY, JUNE 15. In the Senate. The only business, except the business in the Executive sessions, was the passage of a law extending the charters of the banks of the District of Columbia, till the fourth of July, 1842. The only conditions coupled with the bill are, that the said banks shall not take a stay of execution on any judgement recovered against them, or make an appeal, &c. &c.

In the House. The rules were suspended to go into a Committee of the whole on the state of the Union—the vote being 87 to 43.—The Sub-Treasury Bill was then taken up, and Mr. Pope of Kentucky, addressed the House in opposition to the bill. After the recess, Mr. Pope concluded, and Mr. Black of Georgia, spoke in favor of the measure till 7 o'clock, when the House adjourned.

DEATH OF A MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—We learn from the Albany Journal that the Hon. Anson Brown, a representative in Congress from the district composed of the counties of Saratoga and Schoenectady, died on Sunday evening, at his residence in Balston Spa, (N. Y.) Mr. Brown returned from Washington about a week ago, quite ill and much enfeebled, but it was hoped that a change of air would restore him. Mr. Brown was an opponent of the Administration.

Real men and women never sneer at mechanics and operatives. But self-styled gentlemen and ladies not unfrequently do. We have heard of a lady who once left a ball-room because a mechanic entered. She married a basket maker and died a wash-woman. And of a gentleman who did the same thing and not long afterwards was compelled to go to a mechanic to be saved from jail. Labor not only redeems to wealth but is merit.—*Greenfield Democrat.*

Fourth of July. TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.

THE friends of TEMPERANCE in the county of Oxford, are notified that their next Conference will be held at Rumford Point, at the free church in that place, at 10 o'clock, on the morning of that day. An Address will be expected. It is hoped a strong Temperance Delegation will there convene, from every town and plantation in the county. Per order of the Committee. 183W44

NOTICE.

THOSE persons indebted to the subscriber on Note, which has become due are requested to make payment, unless said notes are paid to me, with all necessary intervening charges, on or before Monday, the twenty-eighth day of September next, I shall proceed on said day at one o'clock P. M. to sell so much of said land as will be necessary to discharge said taxes and charges, at the Tavern of Jonathan Virgin, in said Rumford.

TIMOTHY WALKER, Collector of Taxes Rumford, June 4th, 1840. 3W45

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS, Edward Boston, of Canton, in the county of Oxford, State of Maine, did, on the 26th day of October, 1833, execute to Charles Beane of said Canton, a mortgage deed of a certain piece of land situated in said Canton, and bounded as is particularly described in said deed, which is recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 55, pages 329 and 333. And whereas the said Charles Beane, on the 10th day of November, 1838, by his deed of assignment, duly executed, and recorded in said Registry of Deeds, Book 55, page 333, assigned and transferred all his right, title, and interest in said estate so mortgaged to him, with said mortgage so made to him by said Boston, to Lucia Willis, of Hebron, in said county; and whereas, the condition of said mortgage has been broken by said Boston, I, the said Lucia Willis, having since changed my name to that of Lucia Perkins, by intermarriage with Asa Perkins, Jr. of Bridgewater, Mass., now claim to foreclose the same. LUCIA PERKINS. June 18, 1840. 3W45

Commissioner's Notice.

THE undersigned hereby give notice that they have been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors of the estate of Jacob Brown, late of Paris, yeoman, deceased, represented insolvent, that six months are allowed by law, to the several creditors to bring in and prove their claims;—that they will be in session for the purpose of attending to the duties aforesaid, on the second Monday in July, and the first Monday in December next, at the dwelling house of Moses Buck in Sumner, from one to four o'clock P. M. on each of said days. JOSIAH DUDLEY, MOSH BUCK. Sumner, June 13, 1840. 3W45

To the honorable Court of County Commissioners, next to be held at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, 1840.—THE undersigned would respectfully represent that the great market road leading from the centre and the northern parts of the county of Oxford, through the town of Oxford, over Pidgeon hill, Ricker's hill, and the Shaker hills, to Josiah Hobbs', in New Gloucester, is extremely hilly, and from the nature of the ground, over which said road passes, is subject to be very bad traveling in the spring and fall; by reason of the mudiness and roughness of the road; and in winter, by reason of snow-drifts or bare ground; and that said hills may be almost entirely avoided, without materially increasing the distance, by the location of a road, commencing at the bridge over the Little Androscoggin river, at the New Mills, in the town of Oxford, thence westerly of Pidgeon hill, intersecting the old road at or near Benjamin Garland's in Poland; thence by Poland Corner and easterly of Ricker's hill, the Shaker hills, and pond to the old county road, near said Josiah Hobbs', or, if found expedient, to go on the westerly side of Ricker's hill and the upper Shaker hill, and on the easterly side of the lower Shaker hill, and intersect the old road at the most convenient place. And as the location of a road over the above described route would greatly facilitate the transportation of heavy loads to and from market, we respectfully pray, that after due proceedings had, your honors will make such new locations on said route, as the public good may require. (Signed.) G. G. WATERHOUSE. & 175 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, 25. At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and held at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1840.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested in the County Commissioners of the counties of Oxford and Cumberland, will meet at the tavern of Sewall Crockett, in said town of Oxford, on Tuesday, the 22d day of September next, at 9 o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses; by giving attached copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereto; to be served on the clerks of said towns of Oxford, Poland, and New Gloucester, and on the County Attorneys of said counties of Oxford and Cumberland; and on the Chairman of the County Commissioners of the county of Cumberland, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Oxford, Poland, and New Gloucester, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris and in the Portland Advertiser and Eastern Argus, printed at Portland, the first of said publications, and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk. A true copy of said petition and order thereon— 3W45 Attest—J. G. COLE, Clerk.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE—Runford.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the non-resident proprietors and owners of lands in the town of Runford, County of Oxford, and State of Maine, that the taxes are used for the year 1839, for county, town, and school district No. 11 taxes; and also for delinquent highway tax for the year 1838, committed to me by the Assessors of said town to collect, in the sums following; and that the same remain unpaid in the bills as follows:

Names of non-residents, known or unknown.	No. of lots.	No. Acres.	Val. \$	Money Tax.	School Tax.	Highway Tax.	Delinquent.
N. G. River.							
John Bradley.	51	100	100	76	1 56	64	
do	53	100	125	95	78	81	
do	55	100	100	76		64	
do	52	100	100	76	1 56	64	
do	54	100	100	76	1 56	64	
Nathan Brewer.	2	38	40	32		25	
David Wait.	96	100	100	76		64	
Unknown	42	2	81	59	38	32	
E. E. River.							
C. M. Jewett.	17	1	80	150	114		
John Bradley.	63	3	62	50	38		
Unknown	68	3	150	60	38		
do	66	3	89	40	32		
John Bradley or unknown	24	3	200	100	76		
John Bradley.	38	3	100	100	76		
do	68	3	100	60	38		
do	96	3	100	50	38		
do	93	3	103	60	38		
do	103	3	78	40	32		
C. L. Ennis.	85	2	100	60	38		
do	20	3	100	60	38		
do	100	3	100	60	38		
Wm. Wheeler.	100	3	100	100		78	
Aaron Virgin or unk.	22	3	200	50			

And unless said taxes are paid to me, with all necessary intervening charges, on or before Monday, the twenty-eighth day of September next, I shall proceed on said day at one o'clock P. M. to sell so much of said land as will be necessary to discharge said taxes and charges, at the Tavern of Jonathan Virgin, in said Rumford.

POETRY
(From the New Era.)
TIPPECANOE.

TUNE—"Billy Barlow."

Good Lord! my brave masters what antics and rags,
Are daily cut up by the poor British Whigs,
Their throats are all sore, and their noses are blue,
With shouting and drinking for Tippecanoe.

They say in their folly that Harrison must
Be President next—so they down with the dust—
If you ask them the reason, they straight answer you,
By shouting "Hard Cider" and "Tippecanoe!"

Of the wrongs of the people most loudly they prate—
Of mighty reforms to be brought in the State—
And answer each question propounded by you,
By shouting "Hard Cider" and "Tippecanoe!"

Complain that the times are oppressive and dull,
That our coffers are empty, our prisons all full,
They will tell you the cause and the remedy too,
By shouting "Hard Cider" and "Tippecanoe!"

They tell us the markets are empty and bad,
Eighteen pence must be paid for a very small shad,
But to make them more plenty you've nothing to do
But vote for the Hero of Tippecanoe.

He's a Doctor, they say, that can cure every ill,
Our commerce revive, our treasury fill,
Collect every grievance the universe through,
And bury them all at Tippecanoe.

Then huzza for the Hero that lives at North Bend!
Whose power such manifold blessings can send,
His election achieved we'll have nothing to do
But live in Log Cabins like Tippecanoe.

Hard Cider we'll drink as we sit by the fire,
And list to the tales of some reverend sire,
When he tells how the people on cider got blue—
When Harrison conquered (?) at Tippecanoe.

The Rose of Langollen.

The evening air grew chilling and cold;
Gwineth threw her apron over her shoulders
and went to the wood house for faggots. Ellen
was left alone; her eyes fell upon the stump
of a withered tree. "That was Edward's gift,"
said she mournfully. "Peace is now restored,
he will return—he will think I neglected it, for
alas! it has withered. But no, Edward must
come no more to our cottage."

Hearing the returning step of Gwineth she
wiped away the starting tear, for she well knew
her mother would chide. Gwineth entered
trembling; "Mercy!—my child, come and
listen; sure I heard the abbey bell toll." Ellen
turned pale; she listened with breathless ex-
citement; again the heavy bell struck with awful
reverberation. Oh! cried Ellen, "the news has
arrived that Edward is killed!"

Vainly now did Gwineth call upon the name
of her child, who lay senseless upon the cold
earth.

Ellen was the lovely, virtuous child of honest
peasants, and she was tenderly beloved by the
son of the wealthy Sir Owen Fitzmorris. In
the rustic sports of the lawn before the abbey,
Edward had often gladly joined, often pressed
the fair hand of Ellen with rapture to his lips,
and breathed in her ear accents of pure un-
changing love. But parental authority inter-
posed. Edward was ordered to accept the
haughty Lady Hester. His heart proudly re-
volted; yet to disobey a father, hitherto fond
and tender, was death. He implored a respite;
Sir Owen granted his petition, and the regiment
in which Edward served, was ordered to Egypt;
yet his departing words breathed fervent, con-
stant affection to Ellen, and his parting gift was
the rose tree which she now bewailed.

"For heaven's sake! my child," said Gwineth,
"be composed, I will step to the gate,
and see if any passes from the Abbey. Dear,
now be composed." Gwineth now step to the gate.

"Bless me! as I live here comes a soldier
down the hill!" The word revived Ellen; she
flew to her mother's side. The soldier descend-
ed the hill; he seemed to walk feebly and
lean on the shoulder of a boy. "Sure," thought
Ellen, "that is Edward's form," but as he ap-
proached nearer conjecture changed; his dress
was shabby and disordered, his hair uncombed,
and a bandage passed across his eyes, marked
the suffering he had endured in the dreadful
climate, for Edward it was; and love soon re-
vealed him to the wonder struck Ellen. In a
moment each of their hands were seized by
Gwineth and her child, who forgetting the first
sight of him, the shocking change of his ap-
pearance, led him in triumph to the cottage;—
but inquiry soon succeeded, and while Ellen
fixed her eyes upon her withered rose tree, in
anguish exclaimed, "Alas! he cannot see it
now." Edward began his recital.

"When I left you, dear friends, in compli-
ance with a father's command, I embarked
with my regiment to Egypt. Our troops were
successful in all their undertakings; I alone
seemed to endure the pangs of disappointment
and sorrow. An enterprise in which I was en-
gaged, required despatch and caution, when in
a moment of general attack, my friend and
earliest companion of happy days, fell covered
with wounds. Disobeying the strict orders of
our commander not to quit our posts, I bore
him in my arms from the scene of horror; for
this I was broke and discharged in ignominy."
Ellen wept, her heart was too full for utterance;
the poor woman sobbed aloud.

"I returned," said Edward, "in the first
vessel that sailed, and returned but to see my
father breathe his last. Even he too conspired,
against my happiness; for would you believe
it Ellen! he has disinherited me."

"How?" exclaimed Ellen, "is it in nature
to be so wicked? a child he once loved so dear-
ly!"
"True," returned Edward, "but you now
see me in sickness and sorrow, without a friend
to comfort, a home to shelter me."
"Never, never, my dear young master,"
cried Gwineth, "while the sticks of this poor
cottage hang together."

Ellen clasped his hands closer between hers,
and spoke not. On a sudden, some recollec-
tion darted across her mind, she let his hand
fall and sighed deeply.

"What ails my Ellen?" asked Edward;
"will she not confirm the words of her moth-
er?"

"Ah me!" said Ellen, I am thinking how
happy the Lady Hester will be to have the pow-
er of restoring you to wealth and comfort. Sue
can do all that our wishes dictate."

"But if my Ellen gives me her love," re-
plied Edward, "I will not seek the favor of
Lady Hester."

"And will you stay with us?" exclaimed
the enraptured Ellen. "Oh, we shall be hap-
py enough in that case, and our debt of grati-
tude will be in part discharged, for we owe all.
Your instructive care first raised my mind from
ignorance, and if a virtuous sentiment animates
this breast, from you it derives its source."

"You are just to yourself, Ellen, instructions
bestowed where there is no innate virtue, is like
the vain attempt at cultivating a rocky soil."
But now my love can you think to support an
idle intruder? Your means are but scant,
though your heart is ample."

"We will work the harder," said Gwineth
—"we knit, and have a thousand ways of get-
ting a penny, and when you get strong & healthy,
you can work."

"Mr. Fitzmorris work!" cried the indig-
nant Ellen.

"And why not, my child?" rejoined Gwineth;
"is there any disgrace in honest indus-
try? Mr. Fitzmorris is not proud; and when,
with some juice of simples which you, Ellen,
shall gather, we have bathed his eyes, who
knows but by the favor of Heaven, his sight
may be restored? Thus Ellen, he will assist
our labors, see our cheerful endeavors to make
him forget all past misfortunes, and we shall be
the happiest peasants in Langollen."

"Excellent creature," cried Edward, "my
whole life shall pass in active gratitude. But
must away—on the brow of the hill I left
a weary traveller; I will bring him to taste a
cup of your beer, and speed him on his journey."

Ellen was unwilling that he should leave her
so soon, though but for a few minutes; but Ed-
ward continued absent about two hours; her
terror was inexpressible. The night closed
and he did not return. Ellen's couch was wet-
ted with tears, and morning found her pale and
sad. She waited at the door in anxious ex-
pectation, and with a scream of wild joy ex-
claimed—"He is coming!"

He was supported by an elderly man, and
Ellen hastened forward to lend her assistance
also, while Gwineth prepared their homely
breakfast.

Edward seemed breathless—in fatigue—and
the stranger accounted for the delay, saying
that he had wandered up the country fearing
his companion had forgotten him.

"Ah! you are cold and wet," said Ellen.
"No, my love, you see I have a great coat—
I found my little parcel at the lodge where I
rested last night."

"And that lodge, which was once your cru-
el father's should be yours," said Ellen. "But,
no, he was not cruel, Edward; for he has given
you to us."

"Come, come, this is fine talking," cried
Gwineth, "while the poor youth is cold and
hungry; and see the tears how they roll down
his cheeks."

"Do your eyes pain you Edward?" inquired
Ellen; let me wash them with spring wa-
ter."

"They do indeed," said he.

In the gentlest manner possible, Ellen remov-
ed the bandage, and his full, expressive hazel
eye met hers, beaming joy and love. She threw
off his coat, and discovered his dress decorated
with every military honor.

"Ellen, forgive this deception—it was my
father's stratagem—and here he is a witness of
your disinterested affection. I am not dishon-
ored, but promoted by my noble commander to
military rank."

"It is true indeed," said the old gentleman;
"I suspected my son of an unworthy choice,
and detected this stratagem as the means of con-
firmation. The Lady Hester disdained a poor
soldier, and now my Edward has to sue for your
acceptance."

Dumb gratitude seized the trembling Ellen;
she fell at the feet of Owen, bathed his hand
with the tears, and vainly tried to express the
feelings of her heart. The rustic meal passed
some time unregarded, till composure was re-
stored, and the benevolence of the intention
rendered it a repast palatable even to the Bar-
onet.

"Your rose tree is withered," said Ellen.
"Indeed I could not preserve it."

"Heed it not," returned Edward. "It was
a hot house plant, and could ill endure the slight-
est breeze of mischance. You, Ellen are the
Wild Rose of Langollen, whose native sweet-
ness is but increased by the homeliness of the
culture it received."

Ellen, blushing with joy, gave her hand to
her lover, who that day led her to the abbey,
where the delighted peasantry came to make
their heartfelt congratulations, and in the happiness
of his children, Sir Owen found his cure; and
aged Gwineth sank into a peaceful grave, be-
loved and revered by her dutiful child; and to

the arms of Sir Owen Fitzmorris is now added,
with proud triumph the blooming wild rose
OF LANGOLLEN.

From the Norwich Aurora.
THE BET TAKEN.

Mr. Editor.—The Patriot and Democrat, a
week since, gave notice that some whigs stood
ready to bet \$400 that Harrison would be elec-
ted—\$400 that he would get the vote of N. Y.
—\$400 that he would get the vote of Pennsylv-
ania—\$400 that he would get the vote of Ohio
—and \$400 that he would get the vote of Vir-
ginia—the money to be deposited in the Har-
ford Bank. This part of the arrangement is
objected to. The Harford Bank is probably
a party to the bet, and it would be unfair to
give them the use of the money; besides, as
banks have no souls, they might not pay over
the money.

You are now authorized to say that respon-
sible men will take the bet. The \$2,000
shall be deposited in specie—gold or silver—
with Col. John Isham, of Colchester, an hono-
rable man, and a whig, and on his giving notice
that the Patriot folks have furnished him the
money, \$2,000, we will furnish and deposit
with him the same sum.

And now we go farther. We will bet \$500
that Harrison will not get his own township—
\$500 that he will not get Ohio—\$500 that he
will not get Kentucky—and \$2,000 that he
will not get a third of the Electoral votes. All
the money to be deposited in specie with Col.
Isham, to be delivered to the winner the day
after he ascertains who is chosen. We will
also bet that Mr. Van Buren carries the State
of New York by 15,000 majority. Let the
whigs put down the money. If they are in ear-
nest let them show it. The money is ready for
them.

WILLIAM B. BENNETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BUCKFIELD, (Maine.)

Notice of Foreclosure.
WHEREAS Henrich Fingre, by his mortgage deed,
bearing date the 7th day of April, 1837, conveyed to
the undersigned a certain piece of land situated in the town of
Norway, in the county of Oxford, containing twenty acres,
the same being partially described in and deed, which is recorded
in the Oxford Registry, Book 58, page 140. Now notice is
hereby given of my said deed, and of the said mortgage, to the ef-
fect, that on the nineteenth day of September, A. D. 1837,
the said Henrich Fingre, I claim to foreclose the same,
broken, by reason whereof I claim to foreclose said mortgage.
AARON WILKINS.
Norway, June 8, 1840. 3w44

Notice of Foreclosure.
WHEREAS Jacob Newton, of Dixfield, in the county
of Oxford, on the thirtieth day of January, A. D. 1834,
made and executed to me a mortgage deed of a certain lot of
land, situate in said Dixfield, being the homestead farm,
which the said Newton then lived, and still lives, containing
eighty acres, more or less; for a particular description of the
premises, reference may be had to the Oxford Registry, at Paris,
Book 51, page 166; the mortgage of which mortgage having
been broken, I hereby claim to foreclose said mortgage.
JOHN KIDDER.
June 9, 1840. 3w44

Mortgagee's Notice.
WHEREAS Oliver Strickland, of Andover, in the county
of Oxford, on the 20th day of February, A. D. 1837,
by deed of mortgage, conveyed to the undersigned a certain
tract or parcel of land situated in said Andover, as described
in his deed of that date; which is recorded in the Registry
of Deeds for the said county, Book 51, page 83, reference
thereunto being had. Now by reason of a breach of the condi-
tion of the said mortgage, I claim to foreclose the same,
and to have possession of the said mortgaged premises.
SIMON W. GREGG.
Andover, June 9, 1840. 3w44

Notice of Foreclosure.
WHEREAS Elias Stowell, late of Paris, in the county
of Oxford, duly executed to David Jordan, of said Paris, a mortgage of certain premises, sit-
uated in said Paris, by deed, dated the eleventh day of
April, A. D. 1836, and recorded in the Oxford Registry
of deeds, Book 49, page 27; and whereas the said Jordan,
on the nineteenth day of September, A. D. 1837,
duly assigned to me, the subscriber, his interest in said
mortgage, which assignment is recorded in said Regis-
try, Book 52, page 431;—reference being had to said
mortgage Deed for a particular description of the pre-
mises, being the homestead which said Elias formerly
occupied; and whereas the conditions in said mortgage
have been broken, I claim to have possession of said
mortgaged premises for condition broken, and to foreclose
said mortgage.
DAVID P. STOWELL.
Paris, June 15, 1840. 3w44

WANTED!
10,000 lbs. WOOL!
FOR WHICH CASH WILL BE PAID.

THE subscribers will purchase 10,000 pounds clean
Fleece
WOOL,
and pay CASH, at the highest market price, if delivered soon,
at their Store, No. 3, (Maine's) Building, Congress street,
Portland. BUTTERFIELD & WASHBURN.
Portland, June 13, 1840. if 44

Mortgagee's Notice.
WHEREAS Seth Wright, of Bethel, in the county of Ox-
ford, did, on the fourth day of April, A. D. 1835,
convey to me, the subscriber, a certain tract of land situated in
said Bethel, by deed, duly recorded in the Registry of Deeds
for said county, Book 47, page 445, reference to said record be-
ing had for a more full description of said land; and whereas
the condition in said mortgage is broken by said Wright, I
therefore hereby give notice that I claim to foreclose the said
mortgage for condition broken.
AMOS GIBBS.
Watford, March 27, 1840. 3w44

NOTICE.—This may certify that I have this day re-
linquished to my son, David E. Simpson, his time until he
is twenty-one years of age, with power to act and trade for
himself, and I shall claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts
of his contracting, after this date.
NATHANIEL SIMPSON.
Attest—JOHN DOLLOFF.
Andover, April 1, 1840. 3w44

FREEDOM.—I hereby certify and give public
notice, that I have given my son, Asa S. Record,
his time until he is twenty-one years of age; that he
shall be free to act and trade for himself, and that I shall
claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his
contracting, after this date.
CYRUS RECORD.
Buckfield, June 15, 1840. 3w44

BLANKS
For sale at this Office.

ON THE SMALL POX.
To the Citizens of Boston & State
of Massachusetts.

SMALL POX is a complaint more attendant on childhood
than at any other time of life; the human species, how-
ever, is subject to it at any period of existence. The cause of
this disease does really consist in a portion of the worst kind of
virus having become mixed with the circulation of the blood,
either from contagion or otherwise. It is this humor which
produces shivering, fever, heaviness, weakness, and pains all
over the body, because the circulation is impeded, and its nat-
ural course disordered by the bad humors. This is the first pe-
riod.

The blood, in this case, as well as in all other appearance
of disease, fights against these impurities, and carries them to
the capillary vessels in order to cause an eruption and thus to
throw out these humors. This is the second period.

The skin is covered with pustules (miliary pimples) in more
or less quantity according to the previous health or unhealthy
condition of the body. After these pustules come out, the fever
subsides, and in about ten or twelve days dry off and fall into
scabs. This is the third period.

The Small Pox is deadly or mild, according to the malignity
of the contagion or the bad nature of the humors of the patient;
if he was sickly before, and his humors in a corrupt state, he is
infinitely more exposed to danger than if he had enjoyed perfect
health before the attack; for the blood being weighed down by
the previous corrupt state of the humors, has not the power to
resist the disease—and in this case the result must, therefore,
be mortal, provided no preventive course has been employed;
for the third period cannot take place in consequence of the
blood not having the power to throw the humors out, so as to
form pustules.

The Preventive Course.
When the contagion has spread in the City or Country, the
sooner every one commences purifying his body by purgation,
the better; and should any of the above symptoms present
themselves just take the Brandreth Pills every twelve hours,
as far as to produce powerfully evacuation, supposing that the
fever arises not from the Small Pox, the patient will get rid of
the disease, no matter how called, and the object in view as to
health will be the same. At the second period, and while the
fever continues, even if the various eruption takes place,
the Pills must be continued so as to produce good evacuations
daily.

The course will not only insure the life of the patient, but will
also prevent any scars from being made, or any internal obstruc-
tions or settling of the humors. By this means the crassities take
their course, and whether the humors be slightly corrupted or
strongly depraved, the life of the patient is equally free from
danger. And in case of any new attack of pain, or any sign of
accident from cold or otherwise, the purgation must be repeated
in the interval of the drying of the pimples.

By thus evacuating the corruptive severity of the humors which
produce boils in the skin and cause such excessive itching, the
eruption will leave no marks upon the skin, and the patient
cured by this practice will not be exposed to the different in-
conveniences which are so often the consequences of this dis-
ease.

If the principle of purgation were but well understood no one
would be afraid of the Small Pox any more than of a common
cold. There would be no inoculation or vaccination either—
people would be too wise then, they would know that all the
diseases would be removed by evacuation, and without dan-
ger by simply evacuating the bowels and thus purifying the blood
until the disease was cured. Three or four days of this prac-
tice, how many weeks, months, nay, perhaps years, of sickness
might be not prevented. Fathers and mothers of families, reflect,
if you put your child in your arms and your dear children in re-
treat, these things and be advised in time. Should vacu-
ation be decided upon, let the body be put in a healthy state
previously by use of the Pills. But for my part I do not
think much is gained by vaccination—however, let the advice
above be taken, and no danger can result from it or inoculation
or the genuine Small Pox. All will be well if Purgation be re-
sorted to so as to produce a regeneration of the humors.

Your obedient servant,
B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

N. B. Be careful and never purchase Pills of a Druggist
pretending to be Brandreth's Pills, under no circumstances
is any one of this class made an Agent. My own established
agents have a PATENTED SEAL AND WRAPPED CERTIFICATE, signed
by B. Brandreth, M. D. or by my own hand or agent.

This certificate is renewed yearly, and when ever twelve
months old it no longer guarantees the genuineness of the medi-
cine. It would be well, therefore, for purchasers to carefully
examine the wrapper, and the seal is not to be broken, but
based on the paper with a steel seal.

If the genuine medicine is obtained there is no doubt of its
giving perfect satisfaction, and if all who want it are careful to
buy by the above directions there is but little danger but they
will obtain it.

Sub Agents in Maine will hereafter receive their supplies
from the New England Office

19 HANOVER STREET 19
THE ONLY OFFICE IN BOSTON FOR DR. BEN-
JAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UN-
IVERSAL PILLS.

Or of MR JOHN O. LANGLEY,
Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly authorized Travelling
Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furn-
ish with the Genuine Pills. Buy of them and avoid decep-
tion.

Paris—CROCKER & SHAW.
St. Paris—A. Hall, Jr.
North Paris—E. Drake,
Buckfield—A. F. Cole,
Rumford—O. G. Holter.
Dixfield—L. N. & C. Stanley,
Joys—J. L. Paine,
Bethel—J. K. Kimball,
Livermore—Britton & Morrison.
J. Coolidge,
N. Kimball & Walker,
Woodstock—Welton Kinsey,
Hartford—Hall & Haines,
Greenwood—Welton Kinsey,
Albany—Loring & French,
Turner—Philo Clark,
Norway—Julian Goodnow,
Lewell—James Walker,
Waterford—Noble & Noble,
St. R. H. Gerry,
Sweden—J. J. Bevers,
Fryburg—J. C. Newell,
Porter—John Higgins,
Hiram—J. H. Butterfield,
Canton Mills—J. M. Dehon,
Oxford—Charles Durell.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.
241 Broadway, N. Y.
Sole proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.
copy 27

Blacksmith Wanted

A T Lock's Mills in Greenwood. One who is desir-
ous to acquire property would be preferred and
receive encouragement. Please call and examine the
situation.
April, 1840. if 37

HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE SPRING TERM of this Academy will
commence, Providence permitting, on MONDAY
the SECOND DAY OF MARCH next, under the
tutorship of Mr. OZIAS MILLER; and as he has heretofore
given satisfaction as an instructor, and the instruc-
tion is improving, we with confidence invite youths of
both sexes, whose object is to obtain useful knowl-
edge, to come and see for themselves; depending that it will
be the course of the Tutor and Preceptor to render the
school to them both agreeable and profitable.
JOHN TRIPP, Secretary.
Hebron, Feb. 10, 1840. 271

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, on account
of one year's standing, are requested to make
payment previous to the 1st of July next. All those
who neglect this request, after that time will find
their debts in the hands of those authorized for col-
lection.
N. B. Do not neglect to call, for I must and SHALL
know now, unless an arrangement is made to the
contrary, with individuals concerned.
FRANCIS DENNIS
Paris, May 22, 1840. if 41

NEW STORE.

THE subscribers having taken the Store formerly
occupied by JAMES LONLEY, at South Paris,
near the Inn of Anthony Bennett Esq., are now ready
to accommodate such customers as feel disposed to pa-
tronize them on the most liberal terms. Their goods
consist of an entire new stock, and comprise a general
assortment, amongst which may be found,

A SUPERIOR LOT OF
**BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, BUCK-
SKINS, SATINETTS, Etc. Etc.**
Also, a large & carefully selected
assortment of **CALICOES,
COPPER PLATES,**
and

COLORD CAMBRICS.
Silk Velvets, Fig'd & plain Satins, Gros de Seins &
Gros de Nap pills for dresses, Saratens, Synchaws and
Florence Silks, Bombazines, fig'd satins, Cambrics, &c.
Blk. Pongee, Bandannas, and Flag Hdkfs.
Ladies Silk, Silk GLOVES.
Ladies White Lace Do.
Gents and Ladies Kid Do.
Ital. Sew'g Silks and Twist.
Laces, Lace Footings, Edging and Quellings.
Cap and Bonnet Ribbons,
Super. Irish Linens, Brown Linens and Selicia,
Cambrics, Cambric Mullins and
Bishop's Lawns,
Sheeting and Shirting Bleached and Unbleached—
Tickings and Drillings, Corded Jeans for summer wear,
Ducks, Padding and Canvas, Suspenders Elastic and
Waxed.

Hats and Caps, Ladies Kid Slippers and walking
Shoes.

Also a general assortment of **W. I. GOODS,
GROCERIES & HARD WARE** together with other
articles to numerous to particularize, all which will
be sold low for cash or country produce.

Harnesses and Trunks kept constantly on hand. The
harness business will be carried on as heretofore and
all who wish for a first rate article at a fair price will do
well to call and examine for themselves.
D. S. HUBBARD,
J. T. CLARK.
South Paris April 24, 1840.

NEW SPRING GOODS
JUST RECEIVED FROM BOSTON
BY
ELI HOWE,

CONSISTING OF Blue, Blue-Black, Brown, Claret, In-
visibly, Olive-Brown, and mixed
BROADCLOTHS CASSIMERES
and
Satinets, Buckskin and Buffalo Cloths.

A good assortment of Cloths for Summer wear. Superior
Black and Blue-Black Silk Velvets.

Silk, Silk Satins, Muscades white,
Buff and figured Vestings.
SILKS FOR DRESSES.

A prime assortment of English, French and American
mourning and selected Prints from 7 cents
to 37 1/2 cents.

Ladies Worets and Cotton Hose. Kid and Silk Gloves.
Florence and eleven band Bonnets. Figured Satin and
White Florence, Ribbons, Fancy Flag Hdkfs, &c.

Corded and Jaconet Mullins, Lawns and Cambrics, Lace,
Thread, and Black Silk Edging and Insertions.

A prime assortment of Kid Slippers of all sizes.

One case of Truss Hats, also Cloth Caps of various
and the most recent fashions.

Gents. Kid and Buckskin Gloves a prime assortment. Also
Indiarubber and Worsted Suspenders.

Sheeting and Shirting bleached and unbleached and also
suspenderings, Drillings, &c. A large assortment of W. I.
GOODS, likewise Crochery Glus and Hard Ware.

All of which will be sold as cheap for Cash, country produce
or approved credit, as can be purchased in this vicinity.
Paris-Hill, April 13, 1840. if

DR. SEARS'
UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN,
Or: Blood-Root Pills.

THE pretence that any medicine is nearly an "infallible
cure" for all the diseases "that flesh is heir to," what-
ever their character, is a flagrant imposition upon the public
confidence, and a most wicked outrage upon the generous
sympathy that suffering humanity justly demands of us.
Yet the very frequency and boldness of those impostors, frauds,
so eminently cruel to the unfortunate, furnish solid ground
for presenting the public a remedy that may be intelligently
appreciated and RELIED UPON. That powerful medicinal
agent, the BLOOD ROOT, is the basis of the Universal San-
guinarian Pills, and all the materials are drawn from the
"Vegetable Kingdom"—the grand source of support to animal
existence. But in the combination, the different ingredients
are so blended and modified as to give the compound a re-
markable advantage over the simples, and it is believed over
all other medicines. When it is considered that nearly all
diseases, chronic and acute, are connected with a disordered
action of the stomach and bowels, and that in most instances,
this is superinduced by disorder of the Bile, or Gall, which
is the natural phlegm of the system—and when it is further con-
sidered that these Pills act with singular power upon these
many organs, and through them upon the blood and entire
physical economy, their reason must justify the assertion, that
this valuable discovery furnishes a remedy of rare efficacy
in all curable cases of disease; and this deduction of reason
is abundantly corroborated by experience. This medicine har-
monizes with the laws of life, inspires and strengthens nature,
and works its wonders, by gradually clearing her out of a
cruciant conflict with disordered organs, and it is further con-
sidered for general use, and as a safe and most valuable
family medicine. Safe, not because it does nothing—like
many contemptible nostrums of newspaper celebrity, which
by occupying the places of efficient remedies are often a dan-
ger to life, because it aids and cooperates with nature, in-
stead of setting her aside and violently attempting to perform
her work by dangerous FOREIGN AID.

The Proprietor feels the fullest confidence in the superior
virtues of the UNIVERSAL SANGUINARIAN PILLS—
Still they are presented to the public on their merits alone; and
beyond wish to have their claims subjected to the severe but
satisfactory test of intelligent experience. For sale by R. S.
BLANDELL, East Thomaston, Me.

AGENTS for the BLOOD-ROOT PILLS
in Oxford County:

HIRAM HUBBARD, Paris Hill; O. H. Paine, South
Paris; C. H. Snow, C. A. Cook & Co., Buckfield; P.
Clark, Porter; C. H. Cooke, Monty; J. & W. Stevens,
Greenwood; W. E. Goodnow, Norway